

## PEEK-A-BOO WAISTS AND CONGRESS.

By NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



THE REV. FATHER SCHOENBER, of Rochester, Pa., denounced the peek-a-boo waist last Sunday from his pulpit, and it was hinted in yesterday's World that when Congress has gotten through with the beef scandal it may be called upon to consider the fabric of judiciously spaced holes with which the summer girl has lately adorned herself. As a subject for investigation it certainly makes a stronger appeal than the task of finding out all sorts of horrible things about food we have to eat, anyhow. Of course we will go on wearing the waists just as we will go on eating the beef. Not because we want to, but as a mere matter of habit. The question of peek-a-boo propriety, however, is already settled.

Anything is proper that the majority of people do. The sins of one nation are the police customs of another, and if we only had the wonderful wishing carpet that Aladdin's Princess of China possessed we could always find some corner of the earth in which our private preferences and public opinion would be perfectly reconciled, even though we chose to wear rings in our noses and bells on our toes.

But there is no doubt that there should be legislation to regulate the waists. Ladies much under weight or over weight should be forbidden by statute from appearing in them. Heavy women over a certain age—I won't say what age, having a mild thing for my own scalp—should be permanently enjoined from wearing them at all, and the several presidents of her own board.

The peek-a-boo subject, however, is more interesting from the psychological point of view than from the reformist. What is it that constitutes their charm? It is a sort of peek-a-boo, but not the peek-a-boo of a child. It is a peek-a-boo of a woman, and it is a peek-a-boo of a woman.

A peek-a-boo waist is a waist that is a peek-a-boo waist. It is a peek-a-boo waist, and it is a peek-a-boo waist. It is a peek-a-boo waist, and it is a peek-a-boo waist.

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

"A WOMAN who asks what she can do to make a recalcitrant husband spend more of his time at home."

Not knowing the husband, and not being able to get much of an idea of the wife from her story, I cannot even guess at a solution of their problem. But perhaps the following little story will be a pointer to new. It gives the reason why one husband would not stay in the domestic fold.

This particular husband had a lovely young wife and two beautiful children. The fact that he is in his home as little as possible has been the chief topic of conversation among his wife's friends. I went with one of these—a jolly young married woman—to call upon the couple a few days ago. On the way we expressed our sympathy for the wife and said a few pertinent things about the husband.

They lived in a fashionable neighborhood, and the front door of their smart-house looked both expensive and impressive. From the moment we stepped into the door of the flat inhabited by this couple a feeling of depression seemed to descend upon us both. The sitting-room, expensively and gloomily furnished in dark colors, looked out upon a brick wall, and if the sunshine had ever got in it must have been some years before any of us were born.

The wife appeared and greeted us in a funeral manner. She really is very pretty, and her clothes seemed to be of good quality and make, but they were not put on—they were thrown on to her unresponsive form—some books were hooked at all. Where an article was pinned, the point thrust out an angry and glaring end. Everything was a trifle dirty and seemed to cry out for re-adjustment.

My jolly friend, whose powers of conversation have never been known to flag, started out briskly enough, but soon the depressing atmosphere that surrounded this woman and her home began to have its effect on this lively young woman. As for me, the dark room, the gloomy furnishings, with no sign of a flower or plant, the woman herself, with her air of neglect and despondency, were entirely too much for my equanimity.

A thousand tons of depression seemed to settle on my chest. Life seemed to have nothing more to offer, and I forgot that there was glorious sunshine and summer outside of the door.

In about fifteen minutes my friend remembered that she had a pressing engagement elsewhere. I followed meekly, thankful to escape.

"Would you go home to that, if you were a husband?"

All permitted young people can obtain expert advice on their matrimonial affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World Post-Office Box 1354, New York.

## Sister Disapproves.

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl of sixteen and in love with a young man of eighteen.

My sister dislikes him very much and tells my mother a lot of things which are not true about him. Will you tell me what to do in my sad case?

HELEN.

Have a frank talk with your mother. Ask her to judge of the young man herself, and not accept your sister's opinion of him.

## Informal Party.

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl, eighteen years of age, and I am to receive young men at our house. I am very much puzzled about supper. I don't know whether to pass sandwiches around with some kind of a drink or to ask them to a table. Will you kindly let me know which is the proper way of doing?

PUZZLED.

Have sandwiches and some kind of a soft drink, grape-juice punch or lemonade. Serve them informally.

## One String to His Bow.

Dear Betty: I HAVE kept company with a man for nearly three years. Lately I have noticed he does not call on me as often as he used to. He always tells me not to go with anybody else except him. One day I did happen to go out with another young man to make a call on some friends of mine. I found him there sitting between two other young girls on a sofa. He always tells me when he does not come to see me that he is at home. Once he would not own up to those same girls that he came to see me, but said he was at his sister's house. What would you advise me to do?

A. N.

The young man who is capable of deceiving you, even in a small matter,

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

For Perspiration.

W. B.—Here is a remedy for excessive perspiration. In connection with this you should bathe the feet every night in a hot water in which can be comfortably some. A little tannin may be added. Change the stock-ings as often as possible and apply the remedy given. Glycerine, 2 ounces;

perchloride of iron, 8 ounces; essence of bergamot, 20 drops. Apply to the feet with a small camel-hair brush at night and morning. Lay this lotion on and afterward dust them over with a powder made as follows: Burnt alum, 5 grams; salicylic acid, 2-1/2 grams; starch, 15 grams; violet talcum powder, 50 grams. Salicylic acid soap, which may be procured of any druggist, should be used in bathing the feet.

## To Cure Congestion.

BIRDIE—The slight congestion can best be corrected by bathing with warm water and using friction on the spot. If let alone it will gradually right itself.

## Homemade Yeast.

BOIL a handful of hops or a good pinch of dried hops, white or quiet, or if quite thin cut and add one cup fresh, lively yeast or two yeast cakes. Then set in a warm place, not hot, to let it ferment. After a good froth has risen to the top of

stone jar, stir down and add a full cup salt and another of granulated sugar. This is to preserve it. Then cover and put in a cool cellar. It will keep a month. Use a cupful to a batch of bread, from four to six quarts of flour. Use ten or twelve quart stone jar with cover.

## Standard Cheap Cake.

TWO coffee cups pastry flour, dipped up even, full, then sift twice with two even teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt; one coffee cup

sugar and quarter pound of butter creamed together. Four eggs well beaten, two tablespoons cream—condensed will do; one 5 cent bottle ginger ale; one teaspoon vanilla extract. Add cream to sugar and butter, then ginger ale, then eggs, flour and vanilla.

## Tomato and Cress.

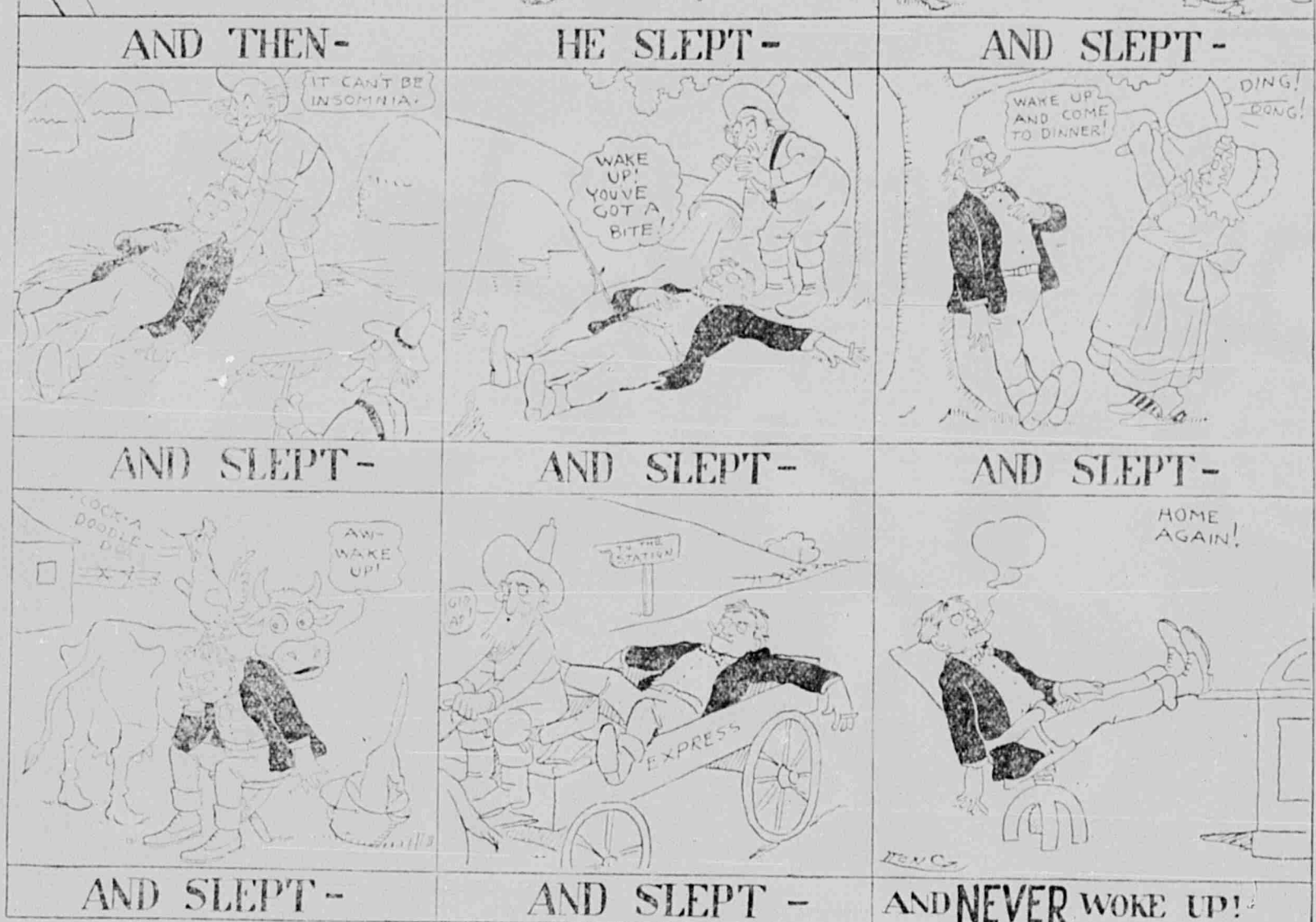
REMOVE the peel from some ripe tomatoes and cut them into slices. Do the same with two large sweet oranges, being careful to take away all the white skin and the pips. Divide

the slices of the latter into wedge-shaped pieces (not too small). Make a dressing with three tablespoonsful of salad oil and two tablespoonsful of orange juice. After mixing the ingredients thoroughly season with salt and sugar. Dip the slices of orange and pieces of tomato into the dressing and arrange them around a salad bowl. Dip some fresh watercress into the remainder of the dressing. Fill up the middle of the bowl with it and pour over all the remaining dressing.

## Potatoes and Tomatoes.

POSS the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs through a sieve into a basin. Season with celery salt, pepper, a dust of curry powder and a little sugar. Add two tablespoonsful of salad oil, working it into the yolks by degrees with a wooden spoon. As soon as a perfectly smooth paste is formed pour in a dessertspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of white wine vinegar if handy. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed add very gradually three tablespoonsful of cream and a small quantity of chopped parsley. Remove the skin from two boiled potatoes and cut them into moderately thick slices. Cut some peeled tomatoes in a similar manner. Cover the potatoes with the dressing and arrange them in a salad bowl. Finally place the pieces of tomato among them.

## HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



## Under the Palms. Characteristics of Famous People Read from Their Hands. By Hotte Slam.

I.—WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME. The public life line is certain and runs in a straight, unbroken stretch to where it crosses the line of effort. There is a broken and runs in a small, wavering line around the mountain of egotism and is lost in obscurity after it has been crossed and recessed by the line of assurance in this case standing for life insurance.

## Putting Clothes Away.

NEVER hang up your coat by a lion. It will surely spoil the shape. Get a hanger and always use it. There are thousands of pretty new costumes which yearly grow old, shabby, ill-fitting and otherwise disintegrated long before their time, because their owners do not know, or care, how to put them away after daily use. Many a garment, on the other hand, long retains its first freshness through the carefulness of the wearer. Do not hook your skirt together in the back and hang it up that way unless you want it to get out of shape. Pin the two sides of the hanging together with a strong pin and hang up that way. Put your shoes away on boot-trees or stuff them full of tissue paper. This is particularly important with patent-leather shoes. The wads of paper in the toes will do almost as well as the boot-trees.

## A Sudden Gold Snap.

AM a young man of about seventeen years and have been keeping company with a lady friend for about four or five months. She is of the same age as I am. We were out a few times, have not seen her for four weeks. I don't know if she really loves me, as she seems kind of cold when I am with her. She is a little taller than I am, and I can't bring myself to love her. Would it be right to tell her I do not love her?

INQUIRER.

The coldness seems to be mutual. I do not think she will require to be told that you do not love her.

## Two Rhubarb Recipes.

RHUBARB Shortcake—Take in pie the good bluish dough, split open, butter well and spread with stewed rhubarb (using as little water as possible). Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with lemon or cream and sugar. Rhubarb Pudding—In a pudding pan place alternate layers of rhubarb cut in small pieces and bread crumbs. Sprinkle a generous amount of sugar over each layer of rhubarb, also a little nutmeg. Pour in half a cup of water and bake. Eat with sugar and cream. Don't peel rhubarb; it is not necessary.

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## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

VISITOR—Well, my little man, I suppose you take after your father, do you not? Little Man (aged five)—No, sir; but he takes after me with a stick sometimes.

Margie (aged four)—Is your papa a woman? Elsie (aged five)—No, 'course not.

Margie—Well, I heard my papa say he had a dress suit on at the theatre the other night.

Little Elmer—My mamma can tell things by lookin' at people's hands. Visitor—Indeed? Is she a palinist? Little Elmer—I dunno; every time she looks at my hands she tells me to go and wash 'em.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

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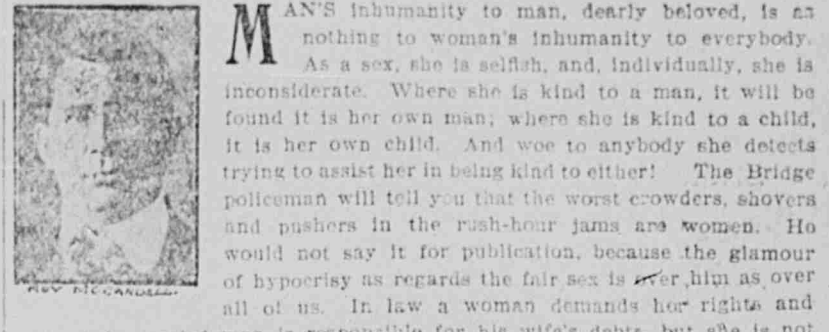
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## THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: The Selfish Sex.



MAN'S inhumanity to man, dearly beloved, is as nothing to woman's inhumanity to everybody. As a sex, she is selfish, and, individually, she is inconsiderate. Where she is kind to a man, it will be found it is her own man; where she is kind to a child, it is her own child. And woe to anybody she detects trying to assist her in being kind to either! The Bridge policeman will tell you that the worst crowd, shovers and pushers in the rush-hour jams are women. He would not say it for publication, because the glamour of hypocrisy as regards the fair sex is over him as over all of us. In law a woman demands her rights and yours. A married man is responsible for his wife's debts, but she is not responsible for her husband's. She will argue, but she will not reason. If you do not give her what you can't afford, you are selfish; then she weeps, and you surrender. She is eager for her rights and touchy about her wrongs. She has had through centuries the entire charge of one thing, full and complete—the household. And that is why the servant question is the one industrial question in the most unsatisfactory state. But it is in public places that her selfishness is most apparent. At ticket windows she will NOT take her place in line. She rushes in ahead, glares at any man who may faintly protest, always fishes up a five-dollar bill, although there be change at the bottom of her purse and dress samples, powder puffs and other feminine junk she persistently totes around. Then she carefully and slowly counts her change, counts it wrong and counts it over again, attempts to put it her purse, spills some of it, glares suspiciously at any one who picks it up for her, traces her head at the "brutes" if they do not, and mixes up matters generally as long as she can. At the theatre she arrives as late as possible. At the head of the aisle she surveys the scene. If her seat and that of her escort are far down the line, with a dozen people sitting between her, she will see to it that she enters by that way, instead of going down a further aisle in getting into her empty end seats from that end. We asked an usher once if they always did that. He said he had been ushering for nineteen years and had never seen them do otherwise.

In summer, when the butternut and open car are here, she will never think of occupying any seat save those in the latter part of the car reserved for smokers. Then let any more man on those seats dare smoke! She will cough, he in such trepidation lest a cigar spout a hole in her shirt waist that all the men around and beside her stop smoking, save the most hardened. She drives a horse without pity or remorse and brings it back at the end of the day a mass of whips and a lather of foam. But just let her see a driver crack his whip at the lazy old horse in his team and she is out in front of him screaming for a policeman.

She—But what's the use? Were she not all these things she would be all too good for us. As it is, she thinks she is anyway—and, dearly beloved, she is, at that!

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

One Benefit from Exposure.

To the Editor of The Evening World: This Beef Trust horror as splendidly exposed in your paper is of course, a black disgrace to our century and nation. Yet it may prove to be a blessing in disguise. The trusts have always claimed, I believe, to be beneficent and to furnish the consumer with better, cheaper commodities than he could have procured from irresponsible small dealers. Now the beef exposures explode that false theory and rob the trusts of their one specious claim to the right of living. Out of each evil comes some good. T. C.

## Shirtsleeved and Sane.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to put a kick against the fashion that obliges men to wear coats on the streets these hot days. A shirt-sleeved, suspended man is an eyesore. But a belted man in a cool, negligee shirt looks all right. Off with the coat till September! Let's be shirtsleeved and sane, fellow citizens. Cool off! Be wise. A. L. E.

## "Silly Season" Explained.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent queries "Why the 'Silly Season'?" He can be simply answered. Nature reacts and our mentally demands relaxation from tensions of whatever character the individual mind is subjected to. The opposite of the serious results, and this opposite is recreation. What constitutes recreation will always remain a matter of diverse individual opinion. We all take our pleasures and sorrows differently. We choose the summer, or a portion of it, as the natural season for relaxation and recreation, the season when the most comfort may be had out of doors. R. B. F.

## THE RACE GIRL.

By Margaret Robe.



It's nice to know the proper clothes to suit the proper places.

And this is how the girl should dress who's going to the races: A dress and hat horsehair build is certainly the fittest.

A tiny little pony coat looks well on a girl who's going to the races. Some ribbons and of Jockey Club perfume the merest traces.

Now, isn't she a winner when she's ready for the races?

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EMPIRE styles are particularly well suited to little girls, and such a frock as this one is dainty and charming in the extreme. The model is made of white Valenciennes lace, and is suited to dancing parties and occasions of the sort, but the skirt can be left plain, as shown in the back view, when a far simpler effect is obtained, or it can be trimmed in a variety of ways. Insertions of embroidery can be used or any other suitable bonding. Again, if liked, the yoke can be omitted, making the dress low neck. In addition to the lawn all the pretty childish materials of cotton and of linen are appropriate, and also chiffon and some of very simple wool fabrics, such as chiffon, voile and the like, when a slightly heavier frock is desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is 4-1/2 yards of 27, 31-1/2 yards of 36 or 37-1/2 yards of 44 inch wide with 15 yards of insertion.

Pattern 5380 is cut in sizes for girls of four, six and eight years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD, MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

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